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(Jones, E. J.)

744



SUPPLEMENTARY

Hymns

FOR PUBLIC WORSHIP;

SELECTED FOR

THE USE OF THE CONGREGATIONS

UNDER THE PASTORAL CARE OF

E. J. JONES.

—
“Sing ye praises with understanding.”
—

London:

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1812. ~



SUPPLEMENT.



I. *Panting after God.* Ps. 63.

SHIRLAND.

MY God, permit my tongue
This joy to call thee mine;
And let my early cries prevail,
To taste thy love divine.

My thirsty, fainting soul,
Thy mercy shall implore;
No trav'ler in a desert land,
Can pant for waters more.

Within thy churches, Lord,
I long to find my place;
Thy pow'r and glory to behold,
And feel thy quick'ning grace.

For life, without thy love,
No relish can afford:
No joy can be compar'd with this,
To serve and please the Lord.

SUPPLEMENT.

Since thou hast been my help,
To thee my spirit flies;
And on thy watchful providence,
My cheerful hope relies.

The shadow of thy wings,
My soul in safety keeps;
I follow where my Father leads,
And he supports my steps.

2. *Longing after God's House.* Ps. 84.

SUFFOLK.

MY soul, how lovely is the place
To which thy God resorts;
'Tis heaven to see his smiling face,
Though in his earthly courts.

With his rich gifts the heavenly Dove
Descends, and fills the place;
While Christ reveals his wondrous love,
And sheds abroad his grace.

To sit one day beneath thine eye,
And hear thy gracious voice,
Exceeds a whole eternity,
Employ'd in carnal joys.

Could I command the spacious land,
And the more boundless sea,
For one blest hour at thy right hand,
Lord, take them all away.

SUPPLEMENT.

3. *God's Worship delightful.* *On a Communion Occasion.*

PECKHAM.

WELCOME sweet day of rest,
That saw the Lord arise;
Welcome to this reviving breast,
And these rejoicing eyes!

Welcome, ye saints of God,
To feast on Jesu's love;
Ye happy souls, redeem'd by blood,
Welcome this grace to prove!

The King himself comes near,
And feasts his saints to-day;
Here we may sit and see him here,
And love, and praise, and pray.

One day, amidst the place,
Where my dear Lord is seen,
Is sweeter than ten thousand days
Of vanity and sin.

My willing soul would stay
In such a frame as this,
And sweetly sing herself away
To everlasting bliss.

SUPPLEMENT.

4. *Hosannah in the Highest.* Ps. 118.

AMERICA.

THIS is the day the Lord hath made,
He calls the hours his own;
Let heav'n rejoice, let earth be glad,
And praise surround the throne.

To-day Christ rose, and left the dead,
And Satan's empire fell!
To-day the Saints his triumphs spread,
And all his wonders tell.

Hosannah to th' anointed King,
To David's holy son;
Hosannah's loud to thee we sing,
Like those around the throne.

Hosannah! let the earth and skies
Repeat the joyful sound;
Rocks, hills, and vales reflect the voice,
In one eternal round.

Hosannah! in the highest strains,
The church on earth can raise;
The highest heav'ns in which he reigns,
Shall give him nobler praise.

5. *Opening of Public Worship.*

HALIFAX.

NOW may the Spirit's holy fire,
Descending from above,
His waiting family inspire,
With joy, and peace, and love!

SUPPLEMENT.

Thee we the Comforter confess ;
Without thy presence here,
Our songs of praise are vain address,
We utter heartless prayer.
Wake heavenly wind ! arise and come,
Blow on the drooping field ;
Our spices then shall breathe perfume,
And fragrant incense yield.
Touch, with a living coal, the lip
That shall proclaim thy word,
And bid each awful hearer keep
Attention to the Lord.
Lo ! for thy presence, Lord, we pray,
Thy pow'r we wait to prove ;
Thy glorious grace to each display,
And fill our souls with love.

6. *Enjoyment of Christ in Public Worship.*

GLOUCESTER.

FAR from our thoughts, vain world be
gone,
Let our religious hours alone :
O may our eyes our Saviour see ?
We wait a visit, Lord, from thee.
O warm our hearts with holy fire,
And kindle there a pure desire :
Come, our dear Jesus, from above,
And feed our souls with heav'nly love.

SUPPLEMENT.

Blest Jesus, what delicious fare,
How sweet thine entertainments are!
Never did angels taste above
Redeeming grace, and dying love.

Hail, great Immanuel, all divine!
In thee thy Father's glories shine:
Thou brightest, sweetest, fairest one,
That eyes have seen, or angels known!

7. *The Gospel Invitation.* MISSIONARY.

LET every mortal ear attend,
And every heart rejoice:
The trumpet of the gospel sounds
With an inviting voice.

Ho! all ye hungry starving souls,
That feed upon the wind,
And vainly strive with earthly toys
To fill an empty mind.

Eternal wisdom hath prepar'd
A soul-reviving feast,
And bids our longing appetites
The rich provision taste.

Ho! ye that pant for living streams,
And pine away and die,
Here you may quench your raging thirst
With springs that never dry.

SUPPLEMENT.

Dear Lord! the treasures of thy love
Are everlasting mines,
Deep as our helpless mis'ries are,
And boundless as our sins.

The happy gates of gospel grace
Stand open night and day;
Lord, we are come to seek supplies,
And drive our wants away.

8. *For Nearness to God in Ordinances.*

HORSLEY.

HOW pleasant, how divinely fair,
O Lord of hosts, thy dwellings are!
With long desire my spirit faints
To meet the assemblies of thy saints.

A thousand years could I command,
Might I but in thy presence stand,
To spend within thy courts one day,
I'd give a thousand years away.

'Twere better far to keep the door,
Where saints assemble and adore,
Where God himself resides within,
Than dwell in palaces of sin.

Blest are the men whose hearts are set
To find the way to Zion's gate;
God is their strength, and on the road
They lean upon their helper, God.

SUPPLEMENT.

Cheerful they walk with growing strength,
Till they shall meet in heav'n at length;
Till all before thy face appear,
And join in nobler worship there.

9. *Enjoyment of Christ in Worship.*

REST.

YE that in these courts are found,
Listening to the joyful sound,
Lost and helpless as you are,
Sons of sorrow, sin, and care,
Glorify the King of kings,
Take the peace the gospel brings.

Turn to Christ your longing eyes,
View his bloody sacrifice;
See in him your sins forgiv'n,
Pardon, holiness, and heav'n;
Glorify the King of kings,
Take the peace the gospel brings.

10. *An Invitation Hymn.*

Come and welcome to Jesus Christ.

HELMSLEY.

COME, ye wretched souls, to Jesus,
Weak and wounded, sick and poor;
Jesus ready stands to save us,

SUPPLEMENT.

Full of pity join'd with pow'r.
He is able,
He is willing; doubt no more.

Ho! ye needy, come and welcome,
God's free bounty glorify :
True belief and true repentance,
Every grace that brings us nigh ;
Without money,
Come to Jesus Christ, and buy.

Let not conscience make you linger;
Nor of fitness fondly dream :
All the fitness he requireth
Is, to feel your need of him :
This he gives you,
'Tis the Spirit's rising beam.

Come, ye weary, heavy laden,
Bruis'd and mangled by the fall ;
If you tarry till you're better,
You will never come at all :
Not the righteous,
Sinners Jesus came to call.

Agonizing in the garden,
Lo! your Maker prostrate lies ;
On the bloody tree behold him ;
Hear him cry, before he dies,
" It is finished,"
Sinners, will not this suffice?

SUPPLEMENT.

Lo! th' incarnate God ascended,
Pleads the merit of his blood;
Venture on him, venture wholly;
Let no other trust intrude:
None but Jesus
Can do helpless sinners good.

Saints and angels, join'd in concert,
Sing the praises of the Lamb;
While the blissful seats of heaven,
Sweetly echo with his name:
Hallelujah,
Sinners here may sing the same.

11. *Salvation by Grace.*

NEW SABBATH.

NOW to the power of God supreme,
Be everlasting honours given;
He saves from hell, we bless his name,
He calls lost wand'ring souls to heaven.

Not for our duties or deserts,
But of his own abounding grace,
He works salvation in our hearts,
And forms a people for his praise.

'Twas his own purpose that begun
To rescue rebels doom'd to die;
He gave us grace in Christ his Son,
Before he spread the starry sky.

SUPPLEMENT.

He dies! and in that dreadful night
Did all the powers of hell destroy;
Rising, he brought our heaven to light,
And took possession of our joy.

Jesus, the Lord, appears at last,
And makes his Father's counsels known;
Declares the great transactions past,
And brings immortal blessings down.

12. *Encouragement for the Guilty.*

STEPHENS.

COME, guilty souls, and fly away
To Christ, and heal your wounds;
This is the welcome gospel day,
Wherein free grace abounds.

God lov'd the world and gave his Son
To drink the cup of wrath;
And Jesus says he'll cast out none
That come to him by faith.

13. *Invitation.* MISSIONARY.

GRACE, how exceeding sweet to those
Who feel they sinners are!
Sunk and distress, they taste, and know
Their heaven is only there.

SUPPLEMENT.

Rich grace, free grace, most sweetly calls,
Directly come who will,
Just as you are, for Christ receives
Poor helpless sinners still.

'Tis grace each day that feeds our souls,
Grace keeps us inly poor,
And O that nothing else but grace
May rule for evermore!

14. *Comfort for the Afflicted.*

STEPHENS.

CHRIST's own soft hand shall wipe the
tear

From every weeping eye;
Affliction, pain, and grief, and fear,
And death itself, shall die.

How long, dear Saviour, O how long
Shall this bright hour delay?
Fly swiftly round, ye wheels of time,
And bring the welcome day.

15. *Seeking after God.* PORTUGAL.

MY God, permit me not to be,
A stranger to myself and thee;
Amidst a thousand thoughts I rove,
Forgetful of my highest love.

SUPPLEMENT.

Why should my passions mix with earth,
And thus debase my heav'nly birth?
Why should I cleave to things below,
And let my God, my Saviour go?

Call me away from self and sense,
One sov'reign word can draw me thence:
I would obey thy voice divine,
And all inferior joys resign.

Be earth with all its scenes withdrawn,
Let noise and vanity be gone;
In secret silence of the mind
My God, and there my heaven I find.

16. *Behold I am vile. Ps. 51.*

OLD HUNDREDTH.

LORD, we are vile, conceiv'd in sin,
And born unholy and unclean;
Sprung from the man whose guilty fall
Corrupts the race, and taints us all.

Soon as we draw our infant breath,
The seeds of sin spring up for death;
Thy law demands a perfect heart,
But we're defil'd in ev'ry part.

Great God, create our hearts anew,
And form our spirits, pure and true:
O make us wise betimes, to know
The pard'ning love thou canst bestow!

SUPPLEMENT.

Behold! we fall before thy face,
Our only refuge is thy grace:
No outward forms can make us clean,
The leprosy lies deep within.

Jesus, my God, thy blood alone,
Hath pow'r sufficient to atone;
Lord! let us hear thy pard'ning voice,
And make each drooping heart rejoice.

17. *Invitation to Christ.* JUDE'S.

COME, dearest Lord, descend and dwell,
By faith and love in ev'ry breast;
Then shall we know, and taste, and feel,
The joys that cannot be exprest.

Come, fill our hearts with inward strength,
Make our enlarged souls possess
The height, and depth, and breadth, and
length,
Of thine unmeasurable grace.

Now to the God, whose power can do,
More than our thoughts or wishes know,
Be everlasting honours done,
By all the Church, through Christ his Son.

SUPPLEMENT.

18. *Jesus seen of Angels.* POLAND.

BEYOND the glittering starry skies,
Far as th' eternal hills,
There, in the boundless worlds of light,
Our dear Redeemer dwells.

Immortal angels bright and fair,
In countless armies shine;
At his right-hand with golden harps,
They offer songs divine.

“Hail, Prince!” they cry, “for ever hail!
“Whose unexampled love
“Mov’d thee to quit these glorious realms,
And royalties above.”

Through all his travels here below,
They did his steps attend;
Oft gaz’d, and wonder’d where at last,
The scene of love would end.

They saw his heart transfix’d with wounds,
His crimson sweat and gore:
They saw him break the bars of death,
Which none e’er brake before.

They brought his chariot from above,
To bear him to his throne;
Clapp’d their triumphant wings, and cry’d,
“The glorious work is done.”

SUPPLEMENT.

19. *A Prayer for Seriousness.*

CHATHAM.

THOU God of glorious Majesty!
To thee, against myself, to thee,
A sinful worm I cry:
An half-awaken'd child of man,
An heir of endless bliss or pain,
A sinner born to die.

Lo! on a narrow neck of land,
'Twixt two unbounded seas I stand,
Secure, insensible!
A point of time, a moment's space,
Removes me to that heav'nly place,
Or shuts me up in hell.

O God! mine inmost soul convert,
And deeply on my thoughtful heart,
Eternal things impress;
Give me to feel their solemn weight,
And tremble on the brink of fate,
And wake to righteousness.

Before me place in dread array,
The pomp of that tremendous day,
When thou with clouds shalt come
To judge the nations at thy bar;
And tell me, Lord, shall I be there
To meet a joyful doom!

SUPPLEMENT.

Then, Saviour, then my soul receive,
Transported from this vale, to live
And reign with thee above;
Where faith is sweetly lost in sight,
And hope in full supreme delight,
And everlasting love.

20. *A Prayer for Quickening Grace.*

MILBOURN PORT.

COME, Holy Spirit, heav'nly Dove,
With all thy quick'ning pow'rs,
Kindle a flame of sacred love
In these cold hearts of ours.

Look how we grovel here below,
Fond of these earthly toys;
Our souls how heavily they go
To reach eternal joys!

In vain we tune our formal songs,
In vain we strive to rise;
Hosannas languish on our tongues,
And our devotion dies.

Dear Lord! and shall we ever live
At this poor dying rate;
Our love so faint so cold to thee,
And thine to us so great?

SUPPLEMENT.

Come, Holy Spirit, heav'nly Dove,
With all thy quick'ning pow'rs;
Come, shed abroad a Saviour's love,
And that shall kindle ours.

21. *Forbearance of God.* BEDFORD.

AND are we wretches yet alive?
And do we yet rebel?
'Tis boundless, 'tis amazing love
That bears us up from hell.

The burden of our weighty guilt,
Would sink us down to flames;
While threat'ning vengeance rolls above,
To crush our feeble frames.

Almighty goodness cries, "Forbear,"
And strait the thunder stays;
And dare we now provoke his wrath,
And weary out his grace?

Lord, we have long abus'd thy love,
Too long indulg'd our sin;
O that our hearts may bleed to see,
What rebels we have been!

No more, our lusts, may ye command,
No more may we obey;
Stretch out, O God, thy conqu'ring hand,
And drive thy foes away.

SUPPLEMENT.

22. *Panting after God.* LOWELL.

MY God, my life, my love,
To thee, to thee I call;
I cannot live if thou remove,
For thou art all in all.
Thy shining grace can cheer
This dungeon where I dwell;
'Tis Paradise when thou art here,
If thou depart, 'tis hell.
The smilings of thy face,
How amiable they are!
'Tis heaven to rest in thine embrace,
And no where else but there.
Nor earth, nor all the sky,
Can one delight afford:
No, not one drop of real joy,
Without thy presence, Lord.
Thou art the sea of love,
Where all my pleasures roll;
The circle where my passions move,
And centre of my soul.

23. *The Penitent pardoned.*

PENITENCE.

GUILTY and vile before my God,
I dread the vengeance of thy rod;
My sins, like lofty mountains grown,
Might justly bring thy vengeance down.

SUPPLEMENT.

Thy justice dreadful glory claims,
And bids me sink to endless flames;
And while I hear thy thunders roar,
I own thy justice and adore.

But there's a throne of grace above,
Where Jesus sits and rules by love:
He'll send his grace and mercy down,
And all his grace with glory crown.

Jesus, to thee alone I fly;
And wilt thou let a sinner die,
Whilst, trusting on thy sacred blood,
I seek no other way to God?

Thy tender heart will sure forgive,
And bid a guilty sinner live;
For all that come thy grace is free,
For Saul, and Magdalen, and Me.

24. *The Cry of a Heaven-born Soul.*

WESTBURY LEIGH.

O LOVE divine, how sweet thou art!
When shall I find my longing heart,
All taken up by thee?

Give me to pant, and thirst to prove
The greatness of redeeming love,
The love of Christ so free.

God only knows the love of God:
O that it now were shed abroad
In my poor longing heart!

SUPPLEMENT.

O might I taste thy love divine,
This only portion, Lord, be mine,
Be mine this better part!

O that I could for ever sit
With Mary, at the Master's feet,
And in his love rejoice!
My only care, delight, and bliss,
My joy, my heaven on earth be this,
To hear the bridegroom's voice.

Thy love alone may I require,
Nothing on earth beneath desire,
Nor aught in heav'n above!
Let earth and all its trifles go;
Give me, O Lord, thy love to know,
Give me thy precious love.

25. *Be ye also ready. Matt. xxiv. 44.*

EATON.

PREPARE, prepare, to meet thy God,
Nor trifle with a Saviour's blood;
Attend the voice, immortal souls,
'Tis time, 'tis death, 'tis judgment calls.

Jesus, our spirits waiting stand,
To hear thy great, august command;
Assist us, Lord, to watch and pray,
And realize that solemn day.

SUPPLEMENT.

Give us a faith that works by love,
To bear our souls to thee above:
Thy heav'nly graces all impart,
To cleanse and purify the heart.

Adorn us with that spotless dress,
The robe of Jesu's righteousness;
Then shall thy saints in glory shine,
Clad in a righteousness divine.

There shall we see our Saviour God,
And spread redeeming love abroad,
While listening angels round the throne,
Shall join to make thy wonders known.

26. *Hope in Christ alone.* DEPTFORD.

SMITTEN on th' accursed tree,
Rock of ages, shelter me;
Let the water and the blood,
From thy wounded side which flow'd,
Be of sin the double cure,
Cleanse me from its guilt and power.

Not the labours of my hands
Can fulfil thy laws demands:
Could my zeal no respite know,
Could my tears for ever flow,
All for sin could not atone:
Thou must save, and thou alone.

SUPPLEMENT.

Nothing in my hand I bring;
Simply to thy cross I cling:
Naked, come to thee for dress;
Helpless, look to thee for grace;
Foul, I to the fountain fly:
Wash me, Saviour, or I die.

27. *Perseverance.* SYDENHAM.

FIRM as the earth thy gospel stands,
My Lord, my hope, my trust:
If I am found in Jesus' hands,
My soul can ne'er be lost.

His honour is engag'd to save
The meanest of his sheep;
All that his heavenly Father gave,
His hands securely keep.

Nor death, nor hell, shall e'er remove
His chosen from his breast;
In the dear bosom of his love,
They shall for ever rest.

28. *The Triumph of Faith.*

EAST GRINSTEAD.

HEAD of the church triumphant,
We joyfully adore thee;
'Till thou appear, thy members here
Shall sing like those in glory.

SUPPLEMENT.

We lift our hearts and voices,
With blest anticipation ;
And cry aloud, and give to God
The praise of our salvation.

We clap our hands, exulting,
In thine almighty favour ;
The love divine, which made us thine,
Shall keep us thine for ever.

By faith we see the glory,
To which thou shalt restore us ;
The cross despise, for that high prize
Which thou hast set before us.

29. *Sinners of whom I am the Chief.*

COMPASSION.

DID ever one of Adam's race
Cost thee, my Lord, more toil and grace
Than I have done, before my soul
Could yield to thy divine controul !

Vile was my heart, deep plung'd in sin,
A dismal den of thieves within ;
Where ev'ry lust presum'd to dwell,
The hateful progeny of hell.

A deep apostate from my God,
I trampled on the Saviour's blood ;
I scorn'd his mercy, mock'd his pain,
And crucify'd my Lord again.

SUPPLEMENT.

But, lo! the chief of sinners now
Is brought before thy throne to bow ;
Surely this mighty pow'r from thee,
Can conquer all that conquers me.

Hail, dearest Lord, my choicest love,
By pity drawn from realms above,
I wonder at that grace of thine,
That won a heart so vile as mine.

30. *Adoration of Divine Mercy.*

KERBY.

COME, happy souls, approach your God
With new melodious songs ;
Come render to Almighty grace,
The tribute of your tongues.

So strange, so boundless was the love
That pity'd dying men,
The Father sent his equal Son
To give them life again.

Thy hands, dear Jesus, were not arm'd
With a revenging rod ;
No hard commission to perform
The vengeance of a God.

But all was mercy, all was mild,
And wrath forsook the throne,
When Christ on his kind errand came,
And brought salvation down.

SUPPLEMENT.

Here, sinners, you may heal your wounds,
And wipe your sorrows dry;
Trust in the mighty Saviour's name,
And you shall never die.

O dearest Lord, make every soul
Accept thine offer'd grace;
Then will we bless the Saviour's love,
And give the Father praise.

31. *Christ exalted.* BROMSGROVE.

O THE delights, the heav'nly joys,
The glories of the place,
Where Jesus sheds the brightest beams
Of his o'erflowing grace!

Sweet majesty and awful love
Sit smiling on his brow,
Whilst all his glorious ranks above,
At humble distance bow.

His head, that dear majestic head,
Which cruel thorns did wound,
Lo! what immortal glories shine,
And circle it around!

This is the Saviour, God and Man,
Whom we unseen adore;
*But when our eyes behold his face,
Our hearts shall love him more.*

SUPPLEMENT.

Lord, set our spirits all on fire
To see thy bless'd abode;
And tune our hearts to sing the praise
Of our incarnate God.

32. *God faithful to his Word.*

MISSIONARY.

BEGIN my tongue, some heav'nly theme,
Prepare my heart, to sing
The mighty works, and mightier name,
Of Christ our heav'nly King.

Tell of his wondrous faithfulness,
And sound his praise abroad;
Sing the sweet promise of his grace,
And promise-keeping God.

Proclaim salvation from the Lord,
For wretched dying men:
Whose hand hath writ the sacred word
With an immortal pen.

Engrav'd as in eternal brass,
The mighty promise shines;
Nor can the powers of darkness rase
Those everlasting lines.

The sacred word of grace is strong
As that which built the skies;
The voice that rolls the stars along,
Spoke all the promises.

SUPPLEMENT.

O might I hear thine heav'nly tongue
But whisper, Thou art mine;
Those gentle words should raise my song
To notes almost divine!

Then would my leaping heart rejoice,
And think my heav'n secure;
Give me to hear thy pard'ning voice,
And faith desires no more.

33. *Christ our Great Melchisedec.*

FURMAN.

JESUS, our Lord, ascend thy throne,
And with thy Father sit;
In Sion shall thy power be known,
'Till all thy foes submit.

God hath pronounc'd a firm decree,
Nor changes what he swore,
Eternal shall thy Priesthood be,
And Aaron's be no more.

Melchisedec, that wondrous priest,
That king of high degree,
That holy man that Abraham blest,
Was but a type of thee.

We bless our Priest, who ever lives
To plead our cause above:
We bless our King, who ever gives
The blessings of his love.

SUPPLEMENT.

34. *Glory and Grace in the Person of Christ.* CHARD.

NOW to the Lord a noble song;
Awake my soul, awake my tongue;
Adore his great eternal name,
And all his boundless love proclaim.

See where it shines in Jesu's face,
The brightest image of his grace;
God, in the person of his Son,
Hath all his mightiest works outdone.

Grace! 'tis a sweet, a charming theme;
Exult, my soul, at Jesu's name:
Ye angels, dwell upon the sound!
Ye heavens, reflect it to the ground.

O that we all may reach the place,
Where he unveils his lovely face;
Where all his beauties we behold,
And sing his name to harps of gold!

35. *Preserving Grace.* MANSFIELD.

TO God the only wise,
Our Saviour and our King,
Let all the saints below the skies,
Their humble praises bring.

'Tis his almighty love,
His counsel and his care,
Preserves us safe from sin and death,
And every hurtful snare.

SUPPLEMENT.

He will present his saints
Unblemish'd and complete,
Before the glories of his face,
With joys divinely great.

Then all the chosen seed
Shall meet around the throne,
Shall bless the conduct of his grace,
And make his wonders known.

To our redeeming God,
Wisdom and power belongs;
Crown'd with immortal majesty,
And prais'd in endless songs.

36. *The Lord our Shepherd. Ps. 23.*

MICHAEL'S.

THE Lord supplies his people's need,
Jehovah is his name;
In pastures fair he makes us feed,
Beside the living stream,

He brings our wand'ring spirits back,
When we forsake his ways,
And leads us for his mercy's sake,
In paths of truth and grace.

When walking thro' the shades of death,
His presence is our stay;
A word of his supporting breath,
Drives all our fears away.

SUPPLEMENT.

His hand, in sight of all our foes,
Doth still our table spread,
Our cup with blessings overflows,
His oil anoints our head.

The sure provisions of our God
Attend us all our days;
May his dear house be our abode,
And all our work his praise!

37. *Christ our Wisdom, Righteousness, Sanctification, and Redemption.*

OLD HUNDREDTH.

BURY'D in shadows of the night,
We lie till Christ restores the light;
Wisdom descends to heal the blind,
And chase the darkness of the mind.
Our guilty souls are drown'd in tears,
Till his atoning blood appears:
Then we awake from deep distress,
And sing, "The Lord our Righteousness."

Jesus beholds where Satan reigns,
Binding his slaves in heavy chains;
He sets the prisoners free, and breaks
The iron bondage from their necks,
Poor helpless worms in thee possess
Grace, wisdom, power, and righteousness;
Thou art our mighty All; may we
Give our whole selves, O Lord, to thee.

SUPPLEMENT.

38. *The Pilgrim's Song.*

DARTFORD.

RISE, my soul, and stretch thy wings,
Thy better portion trace;
Rise from transitory things,
Towards heaven, thy native place.
Sun, and moon, and stars decay,
Time shall soon this earth remove;
Rise, my soul, and haste away
To seats prepar'd above.

Rivers to the ocean run,
Nor stay in all their course;
Fire ascending seeks the sun;
Both speed them to their source:
Thus a soul new-born of God,
Pants to view his glorious face,
Upward tends to his abode,
To rest in his embrace.

Cease, ye pilgrims, cease to mourn,
Press onward to the prize!
Soon the Saviour will return
Triumphant in the skies:
Yet a season, and you know
Happy entrance will be giv'n,
All our sorrows left below,
And earth exchange'd for heav'n.

SUPPLEMENT.

39. *Heavenly Joy on Earth.*

MILLER'S.

COME, ye that love the Lord,
And let your joys be known;
Join in a song with sweet accord,
While ye surround the throne.

The sorrows of the mind,
Be banish'd from this place;
Religion never was design'd
To make our pleasures less.

The men of grace have found
Glory begun below;
And heav'nly fruits on earthly ground,
From faith and hope will grow.

The hill of Zion yields
A thousand holy sweets,
Before we reach the heav'nly fields,
Or walk the golden streets.

Then let our songs abound,
And every tear be dry;
We're marching thro' Immanuel's ground,
To fairer worlds on high

SUPPLEMENT.

40. *Rejoice evermore. 1 Thess. v.*

PORTSMOUTH NEW.

REJOICE, the Lord is King;
Your Lord and King adore:
Mortals, give thanks and sing,
And triumph evermore.
Lift up your hearts, lift up your voice,
Rejoice, again I say rejoice.

Jesus the Saviour reigns,
The God of truth and love!
When he had purg'd our stains,
He took his seat above.
Lift up your hearts, &c.

His kingdom cannot fail,
He rules o'er earth and heaven;
The keys of death and hell,
Are to our Jesus given.
Lift up your hearts, &c.

Rejoice in glorious hope,
Jesus the Judge shall come,
And take his pilgrims up
To their eternal home:
We soon shall hear th' archangel's voice
The trump of God shall sound, Rejoice

SUPPLEMENT.

41. *Christ's Sufferings and Glory.*

TRURO.

NOW for a tune of lofty praise
To great Jehovah's equal Son;
Awake, my voice, in heav'nly lays,
Tell the loud wonders he hath done.

Down to this base, this sinful earth
He came, to raise our natures high;
He came t' atone Almighty wrath,
Jesus the God was born to die.

Deep in the shades of gloomy death
Th' Almighty captive prisoner lay:
Th' Almighty captive left the earth,
And rose to everlasting day.

Lift up your eyes ye sons of light,
Up to the throne of shining grace;
See what immortal glories sit
Round the sweet beauties of his face.

Amidst a thousand harps and songs,
Jesus our God exalted reigns:
His sacred name fills all their tongues,
And echoes through the heav'nly plains.

SUPPLEMENT.

42. *The First and Second Adam.*

EMMANUEL.

ADAM, our father and our head
Transgress'd, and justice doom'd us
dead:

The fiery law speaks all despair,
There's no reprieve nor pardon there.

But, O unutterable grace!
Th' eternal Son takes Adam's place:
Down to the world the Saviour flies,
Suffers our curse, and groans, and dies.

O the compassion of our God,
To pay our debts with heavenly blood!
Our utmost penalties he bore,
Justice itself could ask no more.

We bless the dear incarnate Son,
And sing the glories he hath won:
With loudest notes we join to tell
The wonders he perform'd so well!

Triumph and reign, victorious Lord,
By all thy flaming hosts ador'd;
Take the reward of all thy pains,
And bind the monster sin in chains.

SUPPLEMENT.

43. *The Kingdom of Christ exalted.*

Ps. lxii. HORSLEY.

JESUS shall reign where'er the sun
His vast successive course shall run ;
His kingdom stretch from shore to shore,
'Till moons shall wax and wane no more.

To him shall endless pray'r be made,
And praises throng to crown his head ;
His name like sweet perfume shall rise,
With every evening sacrifice.

People, and realms of every tongue,
Dwell on his love with sweetest song ;
And infant voices shall proclaim
Their early blessings on his name.

Blessings abound where'er he reigns,
The pris'ner leaps to lose his chains ;
The weary find eternal rest,
And all the sons of want are blest.

Where he displays his healing power,
Death and the curse are known no more ;
In him the fallen race can boast
More blessings gain'd than e'er were lost.

Let every creature rise and bring
Peculiar honours to our King ;
Angels descend with songs again,
And earth repeat the loud Amen.

SUPPLEMENT.

44. *Happiness in Christ.* EATON.

OF all the joys we mortals know,
Jesus, thy love exceeds the rest;
Love, the best blessing here below,
And nearest image of the blest.

Sweet are my thoughts, and soft my cares,
When the celestial flame I feel;
In all my hopes, and all my fears,
There's something kind and pleasing still.

If he withdraws a moment's space,
He leaves a sacred pledge behind;
Here in my breast his image stays,
The constant comfort of my mind.

Jesus, my God, yet rather come,
And let me see thy lovely face;
Make thou my heart thy constant home,
The temple of the Prince of peace.

45. *Adoring Christ.* ASHTON.

WHAT equal honours shall we bring
To thee, O Lord our God the Lamb;
Since all the notes that angels sing,
Are far inferior to thy name.

Worthy is he that once was slain,
The Prince of peace, that groan'd and dy'd;
Worthy to rise, and live, and reign
At his Almighty Father's side.

SUPPLEMENT.

Blessings for ever on the Lamb,
Who bore our sins, and curse, and pain ;
Let angels sound his sacred name,
And every creature say, Amen.

46. *The Resurrection of Christ.*

BROMSGROVE.

THE Sun of Righteousness appears,
To set in blood no more ;
Adore the scatt'rer of your fears,
Your rising God adore.

The saints, when he resign'd his breath,
Unclos'd their sleeping eyes :
He breaks again the bands of death,
Again the dead arise.

Alone the dreadful race he ran,
Alone the vine-press trod ;
He died and suffer'd as a man,
He rises as a God.

In vain the stone, the watch, the seal,
Forbid an early rise
To him who bursts the gates of hell,
And opens paradise.

SUPPLEMENT.

47. *Thought of Death and Glory improved.* CROWLE.

MY soul, come meditate the day,
And think how near it stands;
When thou must quit this house of clay,
And fly to unknown lands.

O could we die with those that die,
And place us in their stead;
Then would our spirits learn to fly,
And converse with the dead.

Then shall we see the saints above,
In their own glorious forms;
And wonder why our souls should love
To dwell with mortal worms.

48. *For the New Year.*

PORTSMOUTH NEW.

THE Lord of earth and sky,
The God of ages praise,
Who reigns enthron'd on high,
Ancient of endless days;
Who lengthens out our trial here,
And spares us yet another year.

Barren and wither'd trees,
We cumber'd long the ground;
No fruit of holiness
On our dead souls was found:
*Yet doth he us in mercy spare,
Another, and another year,*

SUPPLEMENT.

When justice drew the sword
To cut the fig-tree down,
The pity of our Lord
Cry'd, let it still alone:
The Father mild inclines his ear,
And spares us yet another year.

Jesus, thy speaking blood
From God obtain'd the grace,
Who therefore hath bestow'd
On us a longer space:
Thou didst in our behalf appear,
And lo! we see another year.

Then dig about our root,
Break up our fallow ground;
And let our gracious fruit,
To thy great praise abound:
O let us all thy praise declare,
And fruit unto perfection bear.

49. *God is Love.* STEPHENS.

'TWAS love that brought the Saviour down
Into the virgin's womb;
'TWas love that nail'd him to the tree,
And laid him in a tomb.

Through a whole life of suffering here,
The law of kindness reign'd:
Love made those ghastly wounds thro' which
His precious life was drain'd.

SUPPLEMENT.

Love took him to his Father's throne,
There to prepare us room ;
And love will bring him down again,
To fetch us to his home.

50. *The Same.* MAGDALEN.

OF him who did salvation bring,
Lord, may we ever think, and sing ;
Arise, ye guilty, he'll forgive,
Arise, ye needy, he'll relieve.

Eternal Lord, Almighty King,
All heav'n doth with thy triumphs ring :
Thou conquer'st all beneath, above,
Devils with force, and men with love.

To purge our sins, Christ shed his blood
He dy'd to bring us near to God ;
Let all the world fall down, and know
That none but God such love could shew

51. *Panting for Blessing.* IRISH

JESUS, at whose supreme command
We thus approach to God ;
Before us in thy vesture stand,
That once was dipt in blood.

Obedient to thy gracious call,
We break the hallow'd bread ;
We trust on thee, our bleeding Lord,
On thee alone to feed.

SUPPLEMENT.

The tokens of thy dying love,
O let us all receive!
Thy quick'ning power we wait to prove,
On thee alone we live.

52. *Death swallowed up in Victory.*

DIXON'S.

WE sing his love who once was slain,
Who soon o'er death reviv'd again;
That all his saints thro' him might have
Eternal conquests o'er the grave.
Soon shall the trumpet sound, and we
Shall rise to immortality.

The saints who now in Jesus sleep,
His own almighty pow'r shall keep,
Till dawns the bright illustrious day
When death itself shall die away.
Soon shall, &c.

How loud shall our glad voices sing;
When Christ his risen saints shall bring
From beds of dust and silent clay,
To realms of everlasting day.

When Jesus we in glory meet,
Our utmost joys shall be complete:
When landed on that heavenly shore,
Death and the curse will be no more.

SUPPLEMENT.

Hasten, dear Lord, the glorious day,
And this delightful scene display;
When all thy saints from death shall rise,
Raptur'd in bliss beyond the skies.

53. *I sing of Mercy and Judgment.*

JUDGMENT NEW.

BEFORE the great Jehovah's bar,
Soon must assembled worlds appear;
And every word, and deed, and thought
Shall into judgment then be brought.
Then all shall hear their righteous doom
Of wrath, or endless joys to come;
And each receive his just reward
Of bliss, or vengeance from the Lord.

Dear Lord, it was thine highest joy
To save where sin did once destroy:
While thund'ring vengeance rolls above,
We trust in thy redeeming love.
Hail, God of unexampled grace,
All heaven shall sound thine endless praise;
High glories to the dying Lamb,
Who death by his own death o'ercame.

CHORUS.

Hallelujah,
Worthy the Lamb, praise the Lord,
Hallelujah. Amen.

SUPPLEMENT.

54. *Invitation to Sinners, or a Word from the Minister.*

INVITATION.

SINNERS, the gladsome tidings hear,
The messengers of truth declare;
Pointing the way that leads to God,
Salvation through a Saviour's blood.

Ye weeping souls dry up your tears,
Grace calls you to renounce your fears;
Justice was fully satisfied,
When on the cross our Jesus died.

Yea, let the vilest come to him
Who a vile thief did once redeem;
Hearts base as hell he can controul,
And spread new pow'rs throughout the whole.

O be ye reconcil'd to God!
'Tis grace, free grace, that sounds abroad;
How bright the beams of mercy shine,
In this salvation so divine!

55. *A Song of Praise.* SYDENHAM.

IN God's own house pronounce his praise,
His grace he there reveals;
To heav'n your joy and wonder raise,
For there his glory dwells.

SUPPLEMENT.

Let all your sacred passions move,
While you rehearse his deeds;
But the great work of saving love,
Your highest praise exceeds.

All that have motion, life, and breath,
Proclaim your Maker blest;
Yet when my voice expires in death,
My soul shall praise him best.

56. *The Kingdom of Immanuel exalted. VICTORY.*

WHEN Jesus first, at heav'n's command,
Descended from his azure throne,
Attending Angels join'd his praise,
Who claim'd the kingdoms for his own;
Hail Immanuel! Immanuel we'll adore;
And sound his fame from shore to shore.

Girt with omnipotence and grace,
The pow'rs of darkness trembling stood
To hear the dire decree, and feel
The vengeance of the mighty God.

Not with the sword that warriors wear,
But with a sceptre dipt in blood,
He bends the nations to obey;
And rules them by the love of God.

Ride on and prosper, King of kings;
Till all the pow'rs of hell resign
*Their dreadful trophies at thy feet,
And endless glory shall be thine.*

SUPPLEMENT.

57. *The Example of Christ and the Saints.* CONDESCENSION.

GIVE me the wings of faith to rise
Within the veil, and see
The saints above, how great their joys,
How bright their glories be.

Once they were mourning here below,
And wet their couch with tears ;
They wrestled hard as we do now,
With sins, and doubts, and fears.

I ask them whence their vict'ry came,
They with united breath
Ascribe their conquest to the Lamb,
Their triumph to his death.

They mark'd the footsteps that he trod,
(His zeal inspir'd their breast ;)
And following their incarnate God,
Possess the promis'd rest.

Our glorious Leader claims our praise,
For his own pattern giv'n ;
While the long cloud of witnesses
Shew the same path to heaven.

SUPPLEMENT.

58. *The same as the 148th Psalm.*

MAJESTY.

THE Lord Jehovah reigns,
His throne is built on high;
The garments he assumes,
Are light and majesty:
His glories shine with beams so bright,
No mortal eye can bear the sight.

The thunders of his hand
Keep the wide world in awe;
His wrath and justice stand
To guard his holy law:
And where his love resolves to bless,
His truth confirms and seals the grace.

Through all his ancient works
Surprising wisdom shines,
Confounds the pow'rs of hell,
And breaks their curs'd designs:
Strong is his arm, and shall fulfil
His great decrees, his sov'reign will.

And can this mighty King
Of glory condescend?
And will he write his name,
"My Father and my Friend?"
I love his name! I love his word!
Join, all my powers, and praise the Lord!

SUPPLEMENT.

59. *Reconciliation.* CORNHILL.

RAISE your triumphant songs
To an immortal tune,
Let the wide earth resound the deeds
Celestial grace hath done.

Sing how eternal love
Its chief beloved chose;
And bid him raise our wretched race
From their abyss of woes.

His hand no thunder bears,
Nor terror clothes his brow,
No bolts to drive our guilty souls
To fiercer flames below.

'Twas mercy fill'd the throne,
And wrath stood silent by,
When Christ was sent with pardon down
To rebels doom'd to die.

Now, sinners, dry your tears,
Let hopeless sorrow cease;
Bow to the sceptre of his love,
And take the offer'd peace.

Lord, we obey thy call;
We lay an humble claim
To the salvation thou hast brought,
And love and praise thy name.

SUPPLEMENT.

60. *Doubts scattered, &c.* AMERICA.

HENCE from my soul, sad thoughts be
gone,

And leave me to my joys;
My tongue shall triumph in my God,
And make a joyful noise.

Darkness and doubts had veil'd my mind,
And drown'd mine eyes in tears;
Till sov'reign grace with shining rays
Dispell'd my gloomy fears.

Oh! what immortal joys I felt,
And raptures all divine,
When Jesus told me I was his,
And my Beloved mine!

In vain the Tempter frights my soul,
And breaks my peace in vain;
One glimpse, dear Saviour, of thy face,
Revives my joys again.

61. *Evening Worship.* DEVIZES.

NOW, from the altar of our hearts,
Let incense flames arise;
Assist us, Lord, to offer up
Our evening sacrifice.

Awake our love, awake our joy;
Awake our heart and tongue:
*Sleep not, when mercies loudly call,
Break forth into a song.*

SUPPLEMENT.

Minutes and mercies multiply'd,
Have made up all this day;
Minutes came quick, but mercies were
More fleet and free than they.

New time, new favours, and new joys,
Do a new song require:
Till we shall praise thee as we would,
Accept our heart's desire.

Lord of our time, whose hand hath set
New time upon our score;
Thee may we praise for all our time,
When time shall be no more.

62. *Christ's Passion* WAREHAM.

YE that pass by, behold the man,
The Man of Grief condemn'd for you;
The Lamb of God for sinners slain,
Weeping to Calvary pursue.

His sacred limbs they stretch, they tear,
With nails they fasten to the wood—
His sacred limbs—expos'd and bare,
Or only cover'd with his blood.

See there, his temples crown'd with thorns,
His bleeding hands extended wide,
His streaming feet transfixt and torn,
The fountain gushing from his side.

SUPPLEMENT.

The earth could to her centre quake,
Convuls'd while her Deliv'rer dy'd;
O may our inmost nature shake,
And bow with Jesus crucify'd.

The rocks could feel thy powerful death,
And tremble and asunder part:
O rend with thy expiring breath,
The harder marble of our heart.

63. *Sight of God and Christ in Heaven.*

ANTIGUA.

DESCEND from heaven, immortal Dove,
Stoop down, and take us on thy wings;
And mount, and bear us far above
The reach of these inferior things.

Oh! for a sight, a pleasing sight
Of our almighty Father's throne;
There sits our Saviour, crown'd with light,
Cloth'd in a body like our own.

Adoring saints around him stand,
And thrones and powers before him fall;
The God shines gracious thro' the Man,
And sheds sweet glories on them all.

When shall the day, dear Lord, appear,
That we shall mount to dwell above;
And stand and bow among them there,
And view thy face, and sing thy love?

SUPPLEMENT.

64. *Passion and Exaltation of Christ.*

LOWELL.

COME, all harmonious tongues,
Your noblest music bring ;
'Tis Christ the everlasting God,
And Christ the Man, we sing.

Tell how he took our flesh,
To take away our guilt ;
Sing the dear drops of sacred blood,
That hellish monsters spilt.

Down to the shades of death
He bow'd his awful head :
Yet he arose to live and reign
When death itself is dead.

No more the bloody spear,
The cross and nails no more ;
For hell itself shakes at his name,
And all the heavens adore.

There the Redeemer sits,
High on his Father's throne ;
The Father lays his vengeance by,
And smiles upon his Son.

65. *The Priesthood of Christ.*

OLD HUNDREDTH.

BLOOD has a voice to pierce the skies ;
Revenge, the blood of Abel cries :
But the dear stream, when Christ was slain,
Spake peace as loud, from ev'ry vein.

SUPPLEMENT.

Pardon and peace, from God on high,
Behold, he lays his vengeance by;
And rebels, that deserve his sword,
Become the fav'rites of the Lord.

To Jesus let our praises rise,
Who gave his life a sacrifice:
Now he appears before our God,
And for our pardon pleads his blood.

66. *For the Propagation of the Gospel.*

HART'S.

COME, divine Immanuel, come,
Take possession of thy home;
Now thy mercy's wings expand,
Stretch throughout the happy land.

Carry on thy victory,
Spread thy rule from sea to sea;
Re-convert the ransom'd race,
Save us, save us, Lord, by grace.

O that ev'ry soul might be,
Suddenly subdu'd to thee;
O that all in thee might know
Everlasting life below.

Now thy mercy's wings expand,
Stretch throughout the happy land:
Take possession of thy home;
Come, divine Immanuel, come.

SUPPLEMENT.

67. *The Christian Soldier.*

HANDEL'S MARCH.

SOLDIERS of Christ, arise,
And put your armour on;
Strong in the strength which God supplies,
Through his eternal Son;
Strong in the Lord of Hosts,
And in his mighty power;
Who in the strength of Jesus trusts,
Is more than conqueror.

Stand then in his great might,
With all his strength endued;
And take, to arm you for the fight,
The panoply of God:
That having all things done,
All, all your conflicts past,
You may o'ercome, through Christ alone,
And stand complete at last.

In fellowship alone,
To God with faith draw near;
Approach his courts, besiege his throne
With all the power of prayer:
Go to his temple, go,
Nor from his altar move;
Let ev'ry house his worship know,
And ev'ry heart his love.

SUPPLEMENT.

From strength to strength go on,
Wrestle, and fight, and pray;
Tread all the powers of darkness down,
And win the well-fought day:
Still let the Spirit cry
In all his soldiers, "Come;"
Till Christ your Saviour shall draw nigh,
And take the conquerors home.

68. *A Funeral Hymn for a Believer.*

NEW JERUSALEM.

HOSANNA to Jesus on high!
Another has enter'd his rest;
Another is 'scap'd to the sky,
And lodg'd in Immanuel's breast:
The soul of our brother is gone
To heighten the triumph above;
Exalted to Jesus's throne,
And clasp'd in the arms of his love.

How happy the angels that fall
Transported at Jesus's name!
The saints whom he soonest shall call
To share in the feast of the Lamb!
No longer imprison'd in clay;
Who next from his dungeon shall fly?
Who first shall be summon'd away?
My merciful God—Is it I?

SUPPLEMENT.

O Jesus! if this be thy will,
That suddenly I should depart;
Thy counsel of mercy reveal,
And whisper the call to my heart:
O give me a signal to know,
If soon thou would'st have me remove;
And leave the dull body below,
And fly to the regions of love.

69. *Christ the Believer's Refuge.*

MOUNT PLEASANT.

IN every trouble sharp and strong,
My soul to Jesus flies;
My anchor-hold is firm in him,
When swelling billows rise.

His comforts bear my spirits up,
I trust a faithful God;
The sure foundation of my hope
Is in a Saviour's blood.

Loud hallelujahs sing, my soul,
To thy Redeemer's name;
In joy, in sorrow, life and death,
His love is still the same.

SUPPLEMENT.

70. *A Prospect of Heaven makes Death easy.* PROSPECT.

THERE is a land of pure delight,
Where saints immortal reign;
Infinite day excludes the night,
And pleasures banish pain.

There everlasting spring abides,
And never-with'ring flowers:
Death, like a narrow sea, divides
This heavenly land from ours.

Sweet fields, beyond the swelling flood,
Stand dress'd in living green:
So to the Jews old Canaan stood,
While Jordan roll'd between.

But tim'rous mortals start and shrink,
To cross this narrow sea;
And linger, shiv'ring on the brink,
Afraid to launch away.

Oh! could we find those doubts remove,
Those gloomy doubts that rise!
And see the Canaan that we love
With unbecclouded eyes!

Could we but climb where Moses stood,
And view the landscape o'er;
Not Jordan's stream, nor death's cold flood,
Should fright us from the shore.

SUPPLEMENT.

71. *Christ precious to a Believer.* MISSIONARY.

JESUS, I love thy charming name,
'Tis music to my ear;

Fain would I sound it out so loud,
That earth and heaven might hear.

Yes, thou art precious to my soul,
My transport, and my trust;
Jewels to thee are gaudy toys,
And gold is sordid dust.

All my capacious powers can wish,
In thee most richly meet;
Nor to my eyes is life so dear,
Nor friendship half so sweet.

O may thy grace still cheer my heart,
And shed its fragrance there;
The noblest balm of all its wounds,
The cordial of its care.

I'll speak the honours of thy name,
With my last lab'ring breath;
When speechless, clasp thee in my arms;
My joy in life and death.

72. *A Divine Rapture.* FARRINGTON.

FROM thee, my God, my joys shall rise,
And run eternal rounds;
Beyond the limits of the skies,
And all created bounds.

SUPPLEMENT.

The holy triumph of my soul,
Shall death itself out-brave;
Leave dull mortality behind,
And fly beyond the grave.

There, where my blessed Jesus reigns,
In heav'n's unmeasur'd space,
I'll spend a long eternity,
In pleasures and in praise.

Millions of years my wand'ring eyes
Shall o'er thy beauties rove;
And, endless ages, I'll adore
The glories of thy love.

Sweet Jesus, every smile of thine,
Shall fresh endearments bring;
And thousand tastes of new delight,
From all thy graces spring.

Haste, my Beloved, fetch my soul
Up to thy bless'd abode:
Fly, for my spirit longs to see
My Saviour, and my God.

73. *Time and Eternity.* STEPHENS.

THEE we adore, eternal name,
And humbly own to thee,
*How feeble is our mortal frame,
What dying worms we be.*

SUPPLEMENT.

Waken, O Lord, our drowsy sense,
To walk this dangerous road;
And when our souls are taken hence,
May they be found with God.

Assure us that our worthless names,
Are graven on thy hands:
Shew us some promise in thy book,
Where our salvation stands.

74. *Spiritual Apparel; namely, The
Robe of Righteousness, and Garments of
Salvation. Isaiah lxi. 10.*

DEVIZES.

A WAKE, my heart, arise, my tongue,
Prepare a tuneful voice;
In God, the life of all my joys,
Aloud will I rejoice.

'Twas he adorn'd my naked soul,
And made salvation mine;
Upon a poor polluted worm,
He makes his graces shine.

And lest the shadow of a spot
Should on my soul be found,
He took the robe the Saviour wrought,
And cast it all around.

SUPPLEMENT.

How far this heavenly robe exceeds
What earthly princes wear!
These ornaments, how bright they shine!
How white the garments are!

The Spirit wrought my faith, my love,
And hope, and every grace;
But Jesus spent his life to work,
The robe of righteousness.

Strangely, my soul, thou art array'd
By the great sacred Three!
In sweetest harmony of praise,
Let all thy powers agree.

75. *The Wisdom of God.*

ULVERSTON.

WAIT, O my soul, thy Maker's will;
Tumultuous passions, all be still;
Nor let a murmuring thought arise,
His ways are just, his councils wise.

He in the thickest darkness dwells,
Performs his works, the cause conceals:
But though his methods are unknown,
Judgment and truth support his throne.

In heaven, and earth, and air, and seas,
He executes his firm decrees;
*And by his saints it stands confess'd
That what he does is ever blest.*

SUPPLEMENT.

Wait then, my soul, submissive wait,
Prostrate before his awful seat!
And 'midst the terrors of his rod,
Trust in a wise and gracious God.

76. *The Justice and Goodness of God.* OLD HUNDREDTH.

GREAT God, my Maker, and my King,
Of thee I'll speak, of thee I'll sing?
All thou hast done, and all thou dost,
Declare thee good, proclaim thee just.

Thy ancient thoughts, and firm decrees,
Thy threatenings and thy promises,
The joys of heaven, the pains of hell,
What angels taste, what devils feel.

Thy terrors and thine acts of grace,
Thy threatening rod and smiling face,
Thy wounding and thy healing word,
A world undone, a world restor'd!

While these excite my fear and joy,
While these my tuneful lips employ;
Accept, O Lord, the humble song,
The tribute of a trembling tongue.

SUPPLEMENT.

77. *The Consequences of Election.*

Rom. viii. 33—39.

PORTUGAL.

WHO shall condemn to endless flames
The chosen people of our God?
Since in the book of life their names
Are fairly writ in Jesus' blood.

He, for the sins of all th' elect,
Hath a complete atonement made;
And justice never can expect
That the same debt should twice be paid.

Not tribulation, nakedness,
The famine, peril, or the sword;
Not persecution, or distress,
Can separate from Christ the Lord.

Nor life, nor death, nor depth, nor height,
Nor powers below, nor powers above;
Not present things, nor things to come,
Can change his purposes of love.

His sov'reign mercy knows no end,
His faithfulness shall still endure;
And those who on his word depend,
Shall find his word for ever sure,

SUPPLEMENT.

78. *Pleading the Covenant.*

Ps. lxxiv. 20.

SCARBOROUGH.

O LORD my God, whose sov'reign love
Is still the same, nor e'er can move;
Look to the covenant, and see,
Has not thy love been shown to me?
Remember me, my dearest Friend,
And love me always to the end.

Be with me still, as heretofore,
And help me forward more and more;
My strong, my stubborn will incline
To be obedient still to thine:
O lead me by thy gracious hand,
And guide me safe to Canaan's land.

79. *It is finished.* John xix. 30.

LEEDS.

'TIS finish'd, so the Saviour cried,
And meekly bow'd his head and died.
'Tis finish'd—yes, the race is run,
The battle fought, the victory won.

'Tis finish'd—all that heaven decreed,
And all the ancient prophets said
Is now fulfill'd, as was design'd,
In me the Saviour of mankind.

SUPPLEMENT.

'Tis finish'd—heaven is reconcil'd,
And all the powers of darkness spoil'd:
Peace, love, and happiness again
Return and dwell with sinful men.

'Tis finish'd—let the joyful sound
Be heard through all the nations round:
'Tis finish'd—let the echo fly
Thro' heaven and hell, thro' earth and sky.

80. *Efficacious Grace.* Ps. xlv. 3—5.

CAMBRIDGE NEW.

HAIL! mighty Jesus, how divine
Is thy victorious sword!
The stoutest rebel must resign
At thy commanding word.

Still gird thy sword upon thy thigh,
Ride with majestic sway:
Go forth, sweet Prince, triumphantly,
And make thy foes obey.

And when thy victories are complete;
When all the chosen race
Shall round the throne of glory meet
To sing thy conquering grace;

O may my humble soul be found
Among that favour'd band!
And I, with them, thy praise will sound
Throughout Immanuel's land.

SUPPLEMENT.

81. *The pardoning God.* Micah vii. 18.

EATON.

GREAT God of wonders! all thy ways
Are matchless, godlike, and divine;
But the fair glories of thy grace,
More godlike and unrivall'd shine:
Who is a pardoning God like thee?
Or who has grace so rich and free?

Crimes of such horror to forgive!
Such guilty daring worms to spare!
This is thy grand prerogative,
And none shall in the honour share;
Who is a pardoning God like thee?
Or who has grace so rich and free?

Angels and men, resign your claim
To pity, mercy, love and grace;
These glories crown Jehovah's name
With an incomparable blaze:
Who is a pardoning God like thee?
Or who has grace so rich and free?

In wonder lost, with trembling joy,
We take the pardon of our God;
Pardon for crimes of deepest dye,
A pardon seal'd with Jesu's blood:
Who is a pardoning God like thee?
Or who hath grace so rich and free?

SUPPLEMENT.

O may this strange, this matchless grace,
This godlike miracle of love,
Fill the wide earth with grateful praise,
And all the angelic choirs above!
Who is a pardoning God like thee?
Or who has grace so rich and free?

82. *God ready to forgive; or Despair
sinful.* ULVERSTON.

WHAT mean these jealousies and fears,
As if the Lord was loth to save,
Or lov'd to see us drench'd in tears,
And sink with sorrow to the grave?

Does he want slaves to grace his throne?
Or rules he by an iron rod?
Loves he the deep despairing groan?
Is he a tyrant, or a God?

Not all the sins which we have wrought,
So much his tender bowels grieve,
As this unkind injurious thought,
That he's unwilling to forgive.

What tho' our crimes are black as night,
Or glowing like the crimson morn;
Immanuel's blood will make them white
As snow through the pure æther borne.

Lord, 'tis amazing grace we own,
And well may rebel-worms surprize;
*But was not thy incarnate Son
A most amazing sacrifice?*

SUPPLEMENT.

"I've found a ransom," saith the Lord,
"No humble penitent shall die:"
Lord, we would now believe thy word,
And thy unbounded mercies try!

83. *Desiring Communion with God.* SUPPLICANT.

MY rising soul, with strong desires,
To perfect happiness aspires,
With steady steps would tread the road
That leads to heav'n, that leads to God.

I thirst to drink unmingled love
From the pure fountain head above:

My dearest Lord, I long to be
Empty'd of sin, and full of thee.

For thee I pant, for thee I burn,
Art thou withdrawn? again return;
Nor let me be the first to say,
Thou wilt not hear when sinners pray.

84. *O that I knew where I might find him;—Sins and Sorrows laid before God. Job xxiii. 3, 4.*

IRISH.

O THAT I knew the secret place
Where I might find my God;
I'd spread my wants before his face,
And pour my woes abroad.

SUPPLEMENT.

I'd tell him how my sins arise,
What sorrows I sustain;
How grace decays, and comfort dies,
And leaves my heart in pain.

He knows what arguments I'd take
To wrestle with my God;
I'd plead for his own mercy's sake,
And for my Saviour's blood.

My God will pity my complaints,
And heal my broken bones:
He takes the meaning of his saints,
The language of their groans.

Arise, my soul, from deep distress,
And banish every fear;
He calls thee to his throne of grace,
To spread thy sorrows there.

85. *The Incarnation of Christ.*

Luke ii. 14.

AMERICA.

MORTALS, awake, with angels join,
And chant the solemn lay;
Joy, love, and gratitude combine,
To hail th' auspicious day.

In heaven the rapturous song began,
And sweet seraphic fire
Through all the shining legions ran,
And strung and tun'd the lyre.

SUPPLEMENT.

Swift through the vast expanse it flew,
And loud the echo roll'd;
The theme, the song, the joy was new,
'Twas more than heaven could hold.
Down through the portals of the sky,
Th' impetuous torrent ran;
And angels flew with eager joy,
To bear the news to man.
With joy their chorus we'll repeat,
"Glory to God on high;
"Good-will and peace are now complete,
"Jesus was born to die."
Hail, Prince of life, for ever hail!
Redeemer, brother, friend;
Tho' earth, and time, and life should fail,
Thy praise shall never end.

86. *The Attraction of the Cross.*

John xii. 32.

TUNBRIDGE.

YONDER—amazing sight!—I see
Th' incarnate Son of God,
Expiring on the accursed tree,
And welt'ring in his blood.
Behold a purple torrent run
Down from his hands and head:
The crimson tide puts out the sun;
His groans awake the dead.

SUPPLEMENT.

The trembling earth, the darken'd sky,
Proclaim the truth aloud;
And with th' amaz'd Centurion cry,
" *This is the Son of God!*"

So great, so vast a sacrifice
May well my hope revive:
If God's own Son thus bleeds and dies,
The sinner sure may live.

O that these cords of love divine,
Might draw me, Lord, to thee!
Thou hast my heart, it shall be thine—
Thine it shall ever be!

87. *The Resurrection and Ascension.*

CHARLES STREET.

ANGELS, roll the rock away,
Death, yield up thy mighty prey:
See, he rises from the tomb,
Glowing with immortal bloom. Hallelujah.

'Tis the Saviour, angels raise
Fame's eternal trump of praise;
Let the earth's remotest bound,
Hear the joy-inspiring sound. Hal.

Now, ye saints, lift up your eyes,
Now to glory see him rise,
In long triumph up the sky,
Up to waiting worlds on high. Hal.

SUPPLEMENT.

Heav'n displays her portals wide,
Glorious hero, through them ride;
King of Glory, mount the throne,
Thy great Father's and thy own. Hal.

Praise him, all ye heavenly choirs,
Praise, and sweep your golden lyres;
Shout, O earth, in rapturous song,
Let the strains be sweet and strong. Hal.

Every note with wonder swell,
Sin o'erthrown, and captiv'd hell:
Where is hell's once-dreaded king!
Where, O death, thy mortal sting! Hal.

88. *Christ's Intercession prevalent.*

John xvii. 24.

NEWBURY.

AWAKE, sweet gratitude, and sing
Th' ascended Saviour's love:
Sing how he lives to carry on
His people's cause above.

With cries and tears he offer'd up
His humble suit below;
But with authority he asks,
Enthron'd in glory now.

For all that come to God by him,
Salvation he demands;
Points to their names upon his breast,
And spreads his wounded hands.

SUPPLEMENT.

Eternal life, at his request,
To every saint is given ;
Safety below, and, after death,
The plentitude of heav'n.

89. *Praise for the Fountain open* TUNBRIDGE.

THERE is a fountain fill'd with blood
Drawn from Immanuel's veins ;
And sinners plung'd beneath that flood,
Lose all their guilty stains.

The dying thief rejoic'd to see
That fountain in his day :
O may I there, though vile as he,
Wash all my sins away !

Dear dying Lamb, thy precious blood
Shall never lose its pow'r
Till all the ransom'd church of God
Be sav'd to sin no more.

E'er since by faith I saw the stream
Thy flowing wounds supply,
Redeeming love has been my theme,
And shall be till I die.

But when this lispings, stammering tongue
Lies silent in the grave,
Then in a nobler, sweeter song
I'll sing thy pow'r to save.

SUPPLEMENT.

10. *Melchisedec a Type of Christ.*

Gen. xiv. 18, 19.

ALCESTER.

ING of Salem, bless my soul!
Make a wounded sinner whole!
g of righteousness and peace,
not thy sweet visits cease!

ne, refresh this soul of mine
th thy sacred bread and wine!
thy love to me unfold,
f of which cannot be told!

l Melchisedec divine!
ou great High-Priest shalt be mine;
my powers before thee fall,
e not tythe, but take them all!

1. *The Struggle between Faith and Unbelief.* Mark ix. 24.

ROCHFORD.

ESUS, our souls' delightful choice;
In thee, believing we rejoice;
still our joy is mix'd with grief,
while faith contends with unbelief.

promises our hearts revive,
keep our fainting hopes alive;
guilt, and fears, and sorrows rise,
hide the promise from our eyes.

SUPPLEMENT.

Oh! let not sin and Satan boast,
While saints lie mourning in the dust;
Nor see *that* faith to ruin brought,
Which thy own gracious hand hath wroug
Do thou the dying spark inflame;
Reveal the glories of thy name;
And put all anxious doubts to flight,
As shades dispers'd by op'ning light.

92. *Faith connected with Salvati*

Rom. i. 16. Heb. x. 39.

MAGDALEN.

NOT by the laws of innocence
Can *Adam's* sons arrive at heav'n:
New works can give us no pretence
To have our ancient sins forgiv'n.
Not the best deeds that we have done
Can make a wounded conscience whol
Faith is the grace, and faith alone,
That flies to Christ, and saves the soul
Lord, I believe thy heav'nly word,
Fain would I have my soul renew'd:
I mourn for sin, and trust the Lord
To have it pardon'd and subdu'd.
Oh! may thy grace its pow'r display;
Let guilt and death no longer reign:
Save me in thine appointed way,
Nor let my humble faith be vain,

SUPPLEMENT.

93. *The humble Publican.*

Luke xviii. 13.

ULVERSTON.

LORD, with a griev'd and aching heart,
To thee I look—to thee I cry:
Supply my wants, and ease my smart;
Oh! help me soon or else I die.

Here on my soul a burden lies,
No human pow'r can it remove:
My numerous sins like mountains rise;
Do thou reveal thy pard'ning love!

Break off these adamantine chains,
From cruel bondage set me free;
Rescue from everlasting pains,
And bring me safe to heav'n and thee!

94. *Profession of Love to Christ.*

STEPHENS.

AND have I, Christ, no love to thee?
No passion for thy charms?
No wish my Saviour's face to see,
And dwell within his arms?

Is there no spark of gratitude
In this cold heart of mine,
To him whose generous bosom glow'd
With friendship all divine?

SUPPLEMENT.

Can I pronounce his charming name,
His acts of kindness tell;
And, while I dwell upon the theme,
No sweet emotion feel?

Such base ingratitude as this,
What heart but must detest!
Sure Christ deserves the noblest place
In every human breast!

A very wretch, Lord, I should prove,
Had I no love to thee:
Rather than not my Saviour love,
Oh! may I cease to be!

95. *Christian Love.* Gal. iii. 28.

PECKHAM.

LET party names no more
The Christian world o'erspread;
Gentile and Jew, and bond and free,
Are one in Christ their head.

Among the saints on earth,
Let mutual love be found;
Heirs of the same inheritance,
With mutual blessings crown'd.

Let envy, child of hell!
Be banish'd far away:
Those should in strictest friendship dwell,
Who the same Lord obey.

SUPPLEMENT.

Thus will the church below,
Resemble that above,
Where streams of pleasure ever flow,
And every heart is love.

96. *Patience.* OLD HUNDREDTH.

DEAR Lord, though bitter is the cup
Thy gracious hand deals out to me,
I cheerfully would drink it up;
That cannot hurt which comes from thee.

Dash it with thine unchanging love,
Let not a drop of wrath be there:
The saints, for ever bless'd above,
Were often most afflicted here.

From Jesus, thy incarnate Son,
I'll learn obedience to thy will;
And humbly kiss the chast'ning rod,
When its severest strokes I feel.

97. *It is the Lord—let him do what seemeth him good.* 1 Sam. iii. 18.

CONDESCENSION.

IT is the Lord—enthron'd in light,
Whose claims are all divine;
Who has an undisputed right
To govern me and mine.

SUPPLEMENT.

It is the Lord—should I distrust
Or contradict his will?

Who cannot do but what is just,
And must be righteous still.

It is the Lord—who gives me all
My wealth, my friends, my ease;
And of his bounties may recal
Whatever part he please.

It is the Lord—who can sustain
Beneath the heaviest load;
From whom assistance I obtain
To tread the thorny road.

Second Part.

IT is the Lord—whose matchless skill
Can from afflictions raise
Matter, eternity to fill
With ever-growing praise.

It is the Lord—my cov'nant God,
Thrice blessed be his name!
Whose gracious promise seal'd with blood,
Must ever be the same.

His cov'nant will my soul defend,
Should nature's self expire;
And the great Judge of all descend
In awful flames of fire.

And can my soul with hopes like these
Be sullen, or repine?
*No, gracious God, take what thou please,
To thee I all resign.*

SUPPLEMENT.

98. *The Christian Warfare.*

Eph. vi. 13—17.

COOMBS'S.

MY captain sounds th' alarm of war;
“Awake, the pow'rs of hell are near!
“To arms! to arms!” I hear him cry,
“'Tis your's to conquer or to die.”

Rous'd by the animating sound,
I cast my eager eyes around;
Make haste to gird my armour on,
And bid each trembling fear begone.

Hope is my helmet, faith my shield,
Thy word, my God, the sword I wield;
With sacred truth my loins are girt,
And holy zeal inspires my heart.

Thus arm'd, I venture on the fight,
Resolv'd to put my foes to flight;
While Jesus kindly deigns to spread
His conqu'ring banner o'er my head.

In him I hope, in him I trust:
His bleeding cross is all my boast:
Through troops of foes he'll lead me on
To vict'ry, and the victor's crown.

SUPPLEMENT.

99. *The Ministry of Angels.*

CHARD.

GREAT God! what hosts of angels stand
In shining ranks at thy right hand,
Array'd in robes of dazzling light,
With pinions stretch'd for distant flight!

Immortal fires! seraphic flames!
Who can recount their various names?
In strength and beauty they excel,
For near the throne of God they dwell.

How eagerly they wish to know
The duties he would have them do!
What joy their active spirits feel
To execute their sov'reign's will!

Hither, at his command they fly
To guard the beds on which we lie;
To shield our persons night and day,
And scatter all our fears away.

Send, O my God, some angel down,
(Though to a mortal eye unknown)
To guide and guard my doubtful way
Up to the realms of endless day.

SUPPLEMENT.

100. *Troubled, but making God a Refuge.*

CHARMOUTH.

DEAR refuge of my weary soul,
On thee, when sorrows rise,
On thee, when waves of trouble roll,
My fainting hope relies.

To thee I tell each rising grief,
For thou alone canst heal;
Thy word can bring a sweet relief
For ev'ry pain I feel.

But, Oh! when gloomy doubts prevail,
I fear to call thee mine;
The springs of comfort seem to fail,
And all my hopes decline.

Yet, gracious God, where shall I flee?
Thou art my only trust;
And still my soul would cleave to thee,
Though prostrate in the dust.

Thy mercy-seat is open still,
Here let my soul retreat;
With humble hope attend thy will,
And wait beneath thy feet.

SUPPLEMENT.

101. *Solicitous of finishing his Course with Joy. Acts xx. 24.*

ULVERSTON.

ASSIST us, Lord, thy name to praise
For the rich gospel of thy grace;
And, that our hearts may love it more,
Teach them to feel its vital pow'r.

With joy may we our course pursue,
And keep the crown of life in view;
That crown, which in one hour repays
The labour of ten thousand days.

Should bonds or death obstruct our way,
Unmov'd, their terrors we'll survey;
And the last hour improve for thee
The last of life, or liberty.

Welcome those bonds which may unite
Our souls to their supreme delight!
Welcome that death whose painful strife
Bears us to Christ our better life!

102. *The Excellency of Public Worship. FEVERSHAM.*

LORD of hosts, how lovely fair,
E'en on earth, thy temples are;
Here thy waiting people see
Much of heav'n and much of thee.

SUPPLEMENT.

From thy gracious presence flows,
Bliss that softens all our woes;
While thy Spirit's holy fire
Warms our hearts with pure desire.

Here we supplicate thy throne;
Here thou mak'st thy glories known;
Here we learn thy righteous ways,
Taste thy love, and sing thy praise.

Thus with festive songs of joy,
We our happy lives employ;
Love, and long to love thee more,
Till from earth to heav'n we soar.

103. *The Sabbath.* ROWLES.

ANOTHER six days' work is done,
Another sabbath is begun;
Return, my soul, enjoy thy rest,
Improve the day thy God has bless'd.

Come, bless the Lord, whose love assigns
So sweet a rest to wearied minds;
Provides an antepast of heaven,
And gives this day the food of seven.

O that our thoughts and thanks may rise
As grateful incense to the skies;
And draw from heav'n that sweet repose
Which none, but he that feels it, knows.

SUPPLEMENT.

In holy duties let the day,
In holy pleasures pass away :
How sweet a sabbath thus to spend,
In hope of one that ne'er shall end !

104. *Exhortation to Prayer* PORTUGAL.

WHAT various hind'rances we meet,
In coming to a mercy seat !
Yet who that knows the worth of pray'r
But wishes to be often there ?

Pray'r makes the darken'd cloud withdraw
Pray'r climbs the ladder Jacob saw :
Gives exercise to faith and love ;
Brings ev'ry blessing from above.

Restraining pray'r, we cease to fight ;
Pray'r makes the christian's armour bright
And Satan trembles, when he sees
The weakest saint upon his knees.

Have you no words ? ah, think again ;
Words flow apace when you complain,
And fill your fellow-creature's ear
With the sad tale of all your care.

Were half the breath thus vainly spent,
To heav'n in supplication sent ;
Your cheerful songs would oft'ner be,
“ Hear what the Lord has done for me !

SUPPLEMENT.

105. *Redeeming Love.*

BATH ABBEY.

NOW begin the heav'nly theme,
Sing aloud in Jesu's name ;
Ye who Jesu's kindness prove,
Triumph in *Redeeming Love!*

[Ye who see the Father's grace,
Beaming in the Saviour's face ;
As to Canaan on ye move,
Praise and bless *Redeeming Love!*]

Hither then your music bring,
Strike aloud each joyful string !
Mortals, join the hosts above,
Join to praise *Redeeming Love!*

Welcome all by sin opprest,
Welcome to your Saviour's breast :
Nothing brought him from above,
Nothing but *Redeeming Love!*

He subdu'd th' infernal pow'rs,
His tremendous foes and ours,
From their cursed empire drove ;
Mighty in *Redeeming Love!*

Hither then your music bring,
Strike aloud each joyful string !
Mortals, join the hosts above,
Join to praise *Redeeming Love!*

SUPPLEMENT.

106. *Invitation.* KNARESBOROUGH.

YE wretched, hungry, starving poor,
Behold a royal feast!
Where mercy spreads her bounteous store
For ev'ry welcome guest.

See, Jesus stands with open arms;
He calls, he bids you come:
Guilt holds you back, and fear alarms;
But see, there yet is room.

Room in the Saviour's bleeding heart,
There love and 'pity meet;
Nor will he bid the soul depart,
That trembles at his feet.

In him the Father, reconcil'd,
Invites each soul to come:
The rebel shall be call'd a child,
And kindly welcom'd home.

Ten thousand times ten thousand more
Are welcome still to come:
Ye longing souls, the grace adore;
Approach, there yet is room.

107. *Protecting Love.* UXBRIDGE.

FROM evil secure and its dread,
I rest, if my Saviour is nigh;
And songs his kind presence indeed
Shall in the night-season supply:

SUPPLEMENT.

He smiles, and my comforts abound ;
His grace as the dew shall descend ;
And walls of salvation surround
The soul he delights to defend.

Kind author and ground of my hope,
Thee, thee, for my God I avow ;
My glad Ebenezer set up,
And own thou hast help'd me till now :
I muse on the years that are past,
Wherein my defence thou hast prov'd ;
Nor wilt thou relinquish, at last,
A sinner so signally lov'd.

108. *Protecting Love.* LAMBETH.

INSPIRER and hearer of pray'r,
Thou feeder and guardian of thine,
My all to thy covenant care,
I, sleeping and waking, resign :
If thou art my shield and my sun,
The night is no darkness to me ;
And fast as my moments roll on,
They bring me but nearer to thee.

Thy minist'ring spirits descend,
To watch while thy saints are asleep ;
By day and by night they attend,
The heirs of salvation to keep :

SUPPLEMENT.

Bright seraphs, dispatch'd from the throne,
Repair to their stations assign'd;
And angels elect are sent down
To guard the elect of mankind.

Thy worship no interval knows;
Their fervour is still on the wing;
And while they protect my repose,
They chant to the praise of my King:
I too, at the season ordain'd,
Their chorus for ever shall join;
And love and adore, without end,
Their faithful Creator and mine.

109. *Wrestling Jacob.* ALCESTER.

LORD, I cannot let thee go,
Till a blessing thou bestow;
Do not turn away thy face,
Mine's an urgent pressing case.

Thou didst once a wretch behold,
In rebellion blindly bold,
Scorn thy grace, thy pow'r defy;
That poor rebel, Lord, was I.

Once a sinner near despair,
Sought thy mercy-seat by pray'r;
Mercy heard and set him free:
Lord, that mercy came to me.

SUPPLEMENT.

Thou hast help'd in ev'ry need;
This emboldens me to plead:
After so much mercy past,
Canst thou let me sink at last?

No—I must maintain my hold,
'Tis thy goodness makes me bold:
I can no denial take,
When I plead for Jesu's sake.

110. *Mercy.* MONMOUTH.

THY mercy, my God, is the theme of
my song,

The joy of my heart, and the boast of my
tongue:

Thy free grace alone, from the first to the
last,

Has won my affections, and bound my soul
fast.

Thy mercy is more than a match for my
heart,

Which wonders to feel its own hardness
depart:

Dissolv'd by thy sun-shine, I fall to the
ground,

And weep to the praise of the mercy I found.

Thy mercy in Jesus exempts me from hell;
Of mercy I'll sing, of thy mercy I'll tell:

'Twas Jesus my friend, when he hung on
the tree,

That open'd the channel of mercy for me.

SUPPLEMENT.

Great Father of mercies, thy goodness I own,
And covenant-love of thy crucified Son:
All praise to the Spirit, whose whisper divine
Seals mercy, and pardon, and righteousness,
mine.

111. *Joy of Faith.* HAUGHTON.

HOW happy are we,
Our election who see,
And can venture our souls on thy gracious
decree!

In Jesus approv'd;
From eternity lov'd;
And held in his hand, whence we cannot
be mov'd!

'Tis sweet to recline
On the bosom divine,
And experience the comforts peculiar to
thine:

While borne from above,
And upheld by thy love,
We with singing and triumph to Sion remove.

Our seeking thy face
Was the fruit of thy grace;
Thy goodness deserves, and shall have all
the praise:

No sinner can be
Beforehand with thee;
Thy grace is preventing, almighty and free.

SUPPLEMENT.

Effectually drawn,
We came to thy Son;
And thou'lt perfect the work, for the work
was thy own:
Thy breath, from above,
The spark shall improve;
No floods can extinguish our dawning of love.

112. *Part Second.* WINWICK.

LORD, one thing we want;
More holiness grant!
For more of thy mind, and thy likeness we
pant:
Thine image impress
On thy favorite race;
Oh, fashion and polish thy vessels of grace.
Thy workmanship we
More plainly would be:
Lord, take us in hand, and conform us to
thee!
Thy impression to bear,
Thy likeness to wear;
Be this our ambition, our study and pray'r.
We shall still be renew'd,
Till thy Spirit and blood
Have ripen'd us quite for the vision of God:
When that moment is come,
Thou wilt send for us home,
And thy perfected saints to thy glory assume.

SUPPLEMENT.

On Immanuel's land
We shortly shall stand
With crowns on our heads, and with harps
in our hand:
His harp, lo, each tunes!
Lo, we cast down our crowns!
And with songs of salvation heav'n's concave
resounds!

113. *Following Christ.* CHINA.

JESUS, my all, to heav'n is gone,
He whom I fix my hopes upon;
His track I see, and I'll pursue
The narrow way, till him I view.

The way the holy prophets went,
The way that leads from banishment;
The King's highway of holiness
I'll go, for all his paths are peace.

Lo! glad I come, and thou blest Lamb
Shalt take me to thee as I am:
Nothing but sin I thee can give;
Nothing but love shall I receive.

Then will I tell to sinners round,
What a dear Saviour I have found;
I'll point to thy redeeming blood
And say, Behold the way to God!

SUPPLEMENT.

114. *Christ our Sacrifice.* HARWICH.

ALL ye that pass by,
To Jesus draw nigh;
To you is it nothing that Jesus should die?
Our ransom and peace,
Our surety he is;
Come, see if there ever was sorrow like his.
He dies to atone
For sins not his own;
The Father hath punish'd for us his dear
Son.

O may we embrace
The ransoming grace
Of him who hath suffer'd and died in our
place.

With joy we approve
The design of his love;
'Tis a wonder below and a wonder above.

115. *After Sermon.* WINWICK.

O JESUS, our Lord,
Thy name be ador'd
For all the rich blessings convey'd through
thy word!

In spirit we trace
Thy wonders of grace,
And cheerfully join in a concert of praise.

SUPPLEMENT.

The trumpet of God
Is sounding abroad
The language of mercy—salvation through
blood.

Thrice happy are they
Who hear and obey,
And share in the blessings of this gospel-day.

This blessing be mine
Through favour divine;
But, O my Redeemer, the glory be thine!

The work is of grace,
Thine, thine be the praise!
And mine to adore thee, and tell of thy ways.

116. *Nativity.* NATIVITY.

LIFT up your heads in joyful hope,
Salute the happy morn;
Each heav'nly pow'r
Proclaims the glad hour;
Lo! Jesus the Saviour is born!

Then let us join the heav'ns above,
Where hymning seraphs sing;
Join all the glad pow'rs,
For their Lord is ours,
Our Prophet, our Priest, and our King.

SUPPLEMENT.

117. *The Pilgrim.*

PORTSMOUTH NEW.

JESUS, at thy command
I launch into the deep,
And leave my native land,
Where sin lulls all asleep.
For thee I fain would all resign,
And sail to heav'n with thee and thine.

What though the seas are broad,
What though the waves are strong,
What though tempestuous winds
Distress me all along;
Yet what are seas or stormy wind
Compar'd to Christ, the sinner's friend.

Christ is my pilot wise,
My compass is his word:
My soul each storm defies,
While I have such a Lord.
I trust his faithfulness and pow'r
To save me in the trying hour.

Come heav'nly wind, and blow
A prosp'rous gale of grace,
To waft from all below,
To heav'n my destin'd place.
Then in full sail my port I'll find,
And leave the world and sin behind.

SUPPLEMENT.

118. *Everlasting Love.* CAREY'S.

THOUGH waves and storms go o'er my
head;

Though strength and health and friends
be gone;

Though joys be wither'd all, and dead;

Though ev'ry comfort be withdrawn:

Stedfast on this my soul relies,

Father, thy mercy never dies.

Fix'd on this ground will I remain,

Though my heart fail, and flesh decay;

This anchor shall my soul sustain,

When earth's foundations melt away:

Mercy's full pow'r I then shall prove,

Lov'd with an everlasting love!

119. *Crowning Jesus.*

MILES'S LANE.

ALL hail the great Immanuel's name!

Let angels prostrate fall;

Bring forth the royal diadem,

And crown him Lord of all.

Let high-born seraphs tune the lyre,

And as they tune it, fall

Before his face who tunes their choir,

And crown him Lord of all.

SUPPLEMENT.

Sinners, whose love can ne'er forget
The wormwood and the gall;
Go, spread your trophies at his feet,
And crown him Lord of all.

Let ev'ry tribe and ev'ry tongue
That bound creation's ball,
Now shout in universal song,
The crowned Lord of all.

Second Part. KINGSTON.

ALL hail the great Immanuel's name;
Let angels prostrate fall;
Bring forth the royal diadem,
And crown him Lord of all.

Crown him, ye morning stars of light,
Who fix'd this floating ball;
Now hail the strength of Israel's might,
And crown him Lord of all.

Crown him, ye martyrs of your God,
Who from his altar call;
Extol the stem of Jesse's rod,
And crown him Lord of all.

Ye seed of Israel's chosen race,
Ye ransom'd from the fall;
Hail him, who saves you by his grace,
And crown him Lord of all.

SUPPLEMENT.

Hail him, ye heirs of David's line,
Whom David Lord did call:
The God Incarnate, Man Divine;
And crown him Lord of all.

120. *An Hiding Place.*

WEYMOUTH NEW.

HAIL, sov'reign love, that first began
The scheme to rescue fallen man!
Hail, matchless, free, eternal grace,
That gave my soul an hiding-place!

Should storms of seven-fold thunder roll,
And shake the globe from pole to pole;
No flaming bolt could daunt my face,
For Jesus is my hiding-place.

On him almighty vengeance fell,
That must have sunk a world to hell;
He bore it for his chosen race,
And thus became their hiding-place.

A few more rolling suns at most,
Will land me on fair Canaan's coast,
Where I shall sing the songs of grace,
And see my glorious hiding-place.

SUPPLEMENT.

121. *Sinners and Saints in the Wreck of Nature.* Is. xxiv. 18—20.

WAREHAM.

HOW great, how terrible that God
Who shakes creation with his nod!
He frowns—earth, sea, all nature's frame,
Sink in one universal flame.

Where now, O where shall sinners seek
For shelter in the general wreck;
Shall falling rocks be o'er them thrown?
See rocks, like snow, dissolving down.

In vain for mercy now they cry;
In lakes of liquid fire they lie;
There on the flaming billows tost,
For ever—O for ever lost.

But saints, undaunted and serene,
Your eyes shall view the dreadful scene;
Your Saviour lives, the worlds expire,
And earth and skies dissolve in fire.

Jesus, the helpless creature's friend,
To thee my all I dare commend;
Thou canst preserve my feeble soul,
When lightnings blaze from pole to pole.

SUPPLEMENT.

122. *Prayer for his Majesty King George, and the Royal Family.*

CHATHAM.

LORD, thou hast bid thy people pray
For all that bear the sovereign sway,
And thy vicegerents reign,
Rulers, and governors, and powers:
And lo! we humbly pray for ours;
Nor can we pray in vain.

Jesus, thy chosen servant guard,
And every threatening danger ward
From his anointed head;
Bid all his griefs and troubles cease,
Thro' paths of righteousness and peace,
Our king propitious lead.

Cover his enemies with shame,
Defeat their proud malicious aim,
And make their councils vain;
Preserve him, Providence divine,
And let the long illustrious line
To latest ages reign.

Upon him shower thy blessings down,
Crown him with grace, with glory crown,
And everlasting joys;
While wealth, prosperity, and peace,
*Our nation and our churches bless,
And praise the globe employs.*

SUPPLEMENT.

123. *Acceptance through Christ alone. John xiv. 6.*

OLD HUNDREDTH.

HOW shall the sons of men appear,
Great God, before thine awful bar?
How may the guilty hope to find
Acceptance with th' eternal mind?

Not vows, nor groans, nor broken cries,
Not the most costly sacrifice,
Not infant blood profusely spilt,
Will expiate a sinner's guilt.

Thy blood, dear Jesus, thine alone,
Hath sovereign virtue to atone:
Here we will rest our only plea,
When we approach, great God, to thee.

124. *Jesus wept—he died—see how he loved us. John xi. 35.*

ULVERSTON.

SO fair a face bedew'd with tears!
What beauty e'en in grief appears!
He wept, he bled, he died for you;
What more, ye saints, could Jesus do?

Enthron'd above with equal glow
His warm affections downward flow;
In our distress he bears a part,
And feels a sympathetic smart.

SUPPLEMENT.

Still his compassions are the same,
He knows the frailty of our frame;
Our heaviest burdens he sustains,
Shares in our sorrows and our pains.

125. *Self-Dedication at the Lord's Table.*

ROWLES.

LORD, am I thine, entirely thine?
Purchas'd and sav'd by blood divine?
With full consent thine would I be,
And own thy sov'reign right in me.

Thee, my new Master, now I call,
And consecrate to thee my all:
Lord, let me live and die to thee,
Be thine through all eternity.

126. *Submission under Affliction.*

AYNHOE.

DOST thou my profit seek,
And chasten as a friend?
O God, I'll kiss the smarting rod,
There's honey at the end.

Dost thou through death's dark vale
Conduct to heav'n at last?
The future good will make amends
For all the evil past.

SUPPLEMENT.

Lord, I would not repine
At strokes in mercy sent :—
If the chastisement comes in love,
My soul shall be content.

127. *Sickness and Recovery.*

PORTUGAL.

A WHILE remain'd the doubtful strife,
Till Jesus gave me back my life;
My life?—my soul, recal the word;
'Tis life to see thy gracious Lord.

Why inconvenient now to die?
Vile unbelief, O tell me why?
When can it inconvenient be,
My loving Lord, to come to thee?

He saw me made the sport of hell;
He knew the tempter's malice well;
And when my soul had all to fear,
Then did the glorious Sun appear!

O bless him!—bless, ye dying saints,
The God of grace when nature faints!
He shew'd my flesh the gaping grave,
To shew me he had pow'r to save.

SUPPLEMENT.

128. *Providence reviewed.*

STEPHENS.

WHEN all thy mercies, O my God,
My rising soul surveys;
Transported with the view, I'm lost
In wonder, love, and praise.

Unnumber'd comforts to my soul
Thy tender care bestow'd,
Before my infant heart conceiv'd
From whom those comforts flow'd.

When in the slipp'ry paths of youth,
With heedless steps I ran;
Thine arm, unseen, convey'd me safe,
And led me up to man.

Ten thousand thousand precious gifts
My daily thanks employ;
Nor is the least a cheerful heart
That tastes those gifts with joy.

When nature fails, and day and night
Divide thy works no more;
My ever grateful heart, O Lord,
Thy mercy shall adore.

Through all eternity to thee
A joyful song I'll raise;
*But Oh! eternity's too short
To utter all thy praise!*

SUPPLEMENT.

129. *It is finished.* TREVECCA.

HARK! the voice of love and mercy
Sounds aloud from Calvary!
See! it rends the rocks asunder,
Shakes the earth and veils the sky!
“*It is finish'd!*”
Hear the dying Saviour cry!

It is finish'd! O what pleasure
Do these charming words afford;
Heav'nly blessings without measure,
Flow to us from Christ the Lord.
“*It is finish'd!*”
Saints, the dying words record.

Tune your harps anew, ye seraphs,
Join to sing the pleasing theme;
All on earth, and all in heav'n
Join to praise Immanuel's name!
Hallelujah!
Glory to the bleeding Lamb!

130. *Jesus Christ the Gift of God.*

ROCHFORD.

JESUS, my love, my chief delight,
For thee I long, for thee I pray;
Amid the shadows of the night,
Amid the business of the day.

SUPPLEMENT.

Thou art the glorious "gift of God,"
To sinners weary and distress;
The first of all his gifts bestow'd,
And certain pledge of all the rest.

Could I but say, this gift is mine,
I'd tread the world beneath my feet;
No more at poverty repine,
Nor envy sinners rich and great.

The precious jewel I would keep,
And lodge it deep within my heart;
At home, abroad, awake, asleep,
It never should from thence depart!

131. *Effects of divine Grace.*

CHATHAM.

WHEN, with my mind devoutly prest,
Dear Saviour, my revolving breast
Would past offences trace;
Trembling, I make the black review;
Yet pleas'd behold, admiring too
The pow'r of changing grace.

This *tongue*, with blasphemies defil'd,
These *feet*, to erring paths beguil'd,
In heav'nly league agree:
Who could believe such *lips* could praise,
Or think my dark and winding *ways*
Should ever lead to thee?

SUPPLEMENT.

These *eyes*, that once abus'd their sight,
Now lift to thee their wat'ry light,

And weep a silent flood :

These *hands* ascend in ceaseless pray'r ;

O wash away the stains they wear,

In thy redeeming blood !

These *ears* that pleas'd could entertain

The midnight oath, the lustful strain,

When round the festal board ;

Now, deaf to all th' enchanting noise,

Avoid the throng, detest the joys,

And press to hear thy word.

Thus art thou serv'd in ev'ry part ;

O would'st thou more transform my *heart*,

This drossy thing refine ;

That grace might nature's strength controul,

And a new creature, body, soul,

Be, Lord, for ever thine !

132. *At the close of an Association*

Service. ABRIDGE.

CHIEF Shepherd of thy chosen sheep,

From death and sin set free ;

May ev'ry under-shepherd keep

His eye intent on thee !

With plenteous grace their hearts prepare

To execute thy will ;

Compassion, patience, love and care,

And faithfulness and skill.

SUPPLEMENT.

Enflame their minds with holy zeal
Their flocks to feed and teach;
And let them live, and let them feel
The sacred truths they preach.

133. *Mortality.* FOTHERINGAY.

SOV'REIGN of life, before thine eye,
Lo! mortal men ~~by~~ thousands die:
One glance from thee, ~~once~~ brings down
The proudest brow that wears a crown.

Banish'd at once from human sight,
To the dark grave's unchanging night;
Imprison'd in that dusty bed,
We hide our solitary head.

The friendly band no more shall greet
Accents familiar once, and sweet;
No more the well-known features trace,
No more renew the fond embrace.

Yet if our Father's faithful hand
Conduct us through this gloomy land,
Our souls with pleasure shall obey,
And follow where he leads the way.

He, nobler friends than here we leave,
In brighter, surer worlds can give;
Or, by the beamings of his eye,
A lost creation well supply.

SUPPLEMENT.

134. *Happy dying.* PROSPECT.

DEATH cannot make my soul afraid,
If God be with me there :
Soft is the passage through the shade,
And all the prospect fair.

Jesus, the vision of thy face
Hath overpow'ring charms ;
Scarce shall I feel death's cold embrace,
If Christ be in my arms.

Then whilst I feel my heart-strings break,
Sweet shall the minutes roll !
A mortal paleness on my cheek,
And glory in my soul !

Clasp'd in my heav'nly Father's arms,
I would forget to breathe ;
And lose my life amidst the charms
Of so divine a death.

135. *The dying Christian.*

POPE'S ODE.

VITAL spark of heav'nly flame,
Quit, O quit this mortal frame ;
Trembling, hoping, ling'ring, flying,
O the pain, the bliss of dying !
Cease, fond nature, cease thy strife,
And let me languish into life.

SUPPLEMENT.

Hark, they whisper! angels say,
"Sister spirit, come away:"

What is this absorbs me quite,
Steals my senses, shuts my sight,
Drowns my spirit, draws my breath;
Tell me, my soul, can this be death?

The world recedes, it disappears;
Heav'n opens on my eyes; my ears

With sounds seraphic ring:
Lend, lend your wings, I mount, I fly;
O grave, where is thy victory!
O death, where is thy sting!

136. *The Last Judgment.* LEONI.

HARK! hark! the trumpet's sound
Awakes the sleeping dead,
From op'ning graves and seas profound
They lift their head:

See! num'rous throngs arise,
Of ev'ry land and tongue;
See! gazing on the flaming skies,
Both old and young.

Earth to her centre quakes,
Prodigious mountains fall,
While pond'rous rocks in pieces break,
Tremendous all:

The sea, like flaming oil,
Burns with a dreadful roar,
Its furious flaming billows boil
From shore to shore,

SUPPLEMENT.

But see the Judge descend,
In solemn pomp array'd;
And all the heav'nly hosts attend
To judge the dead:
The dead, both small and great,
Stand at his righteous bar;
While sinners tremble at his feet,
Their doom to hear.

And saints lift up their face
With boldness to the throne,
Rejoicing in the wond'rous grace
Which led them on
Through all their toils below,
While in a world of pain;
And now has brought them conqu'rors thro'
With him to reign.

Second Part.

OH! what a glorious sight,
When Jesus turns his face,
And with unspeakable delight
And wond'rous grace,
Welcomes his children in,
To take the glorious crown;
And, free from sorrow, death, and sin,
With him sit down.

But see him turn to those
Who pale and trembling stand,
Who trampled on his righteous laws,
His mild command:

SUPPLEMENT.

With countenance severe;
And words like thunder loud,
He bids unto the bar draw near
The sinful croud,

Who hear him say, " Depart
To everlasting fire,
Where burning worms shall gnaw your heart,
But ne'er expire;
Since in your mortal state
Ye chose to serve my foe,
Ye now shall feel the dreadful weight
Of wrath below."

And must all men be brought
Before the awful bar?
Let sinners tremble at the thought
Of judgment near!
Let saints rejoice and sing,
And praise the God of love,
Till he their happy spirits bring
To heav'n above!

END OF THE SUPPLEMENT.

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the 1990s, the number of people in the UK who are employed in the public sector has increased by 1.5 million, from 2.5 million in 1980 to 4 million in 1995 (Department of Health 1996).

There is a growing emphasis on the need to improve the efficiency of the public sector, and to ensure that the public sector is able to deliver the services that are required by the public. This has led to a number of initiatives, including the introduction of competition, the restructuring of public sector organisations, and the introduction of new management practices. The aim of these initiatives is to improve the efficiency of the public sector, and to ensure that the public sector is able to deliver the services that are required by the public.

One of the key initiatives in the public sector is the introduction of competition. This has led to a number of public sector organisations being privatised, and to a number of public sector organisations being required to compete for contracts. This has led to a number of public sector organisations being required to improve their efficiency, and to ensure that they are able to deliver the services that are required by the public.

Another key initiative in the public sector is the restructuring of public sector organisations. This has led to a number of public sector organisations being merged, and to a number of public sector organisations being required to reorganise their structure. This has led to a number of public sector organisations being required to improve their efficiency, and to ensure that they are able to deliver the services that are required by the public.

A third key initiative in the public sector is the introduction of new management practices. This has led to a number of public sector organisations being required to adopt new management practices, and to a number of public sector organisations being required to improve their efficiency. This has led to a number of public sector organisations being required to ensure that they are able to deliver the services that are required by the public.



